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A GOLD HUNT STORY.

A Yucca Tree and a Camp Cook's Story of Gold on the Yuma Desert.

A writer in the Los Angeles Times tells the following story typical of the hunt for gold:

During the summer of 1895 I had been on a prospecting trip through the deserts and mountains of Central and Western Arizona, which terminated in Yuma county, where I disposed of my burros, and, accompanying a freighter, started for Congress Jet via the Bonanza mine in the Harqua Hala mountains, Harrisburg and Cullen's Well. We had the experiences common to that country of dry camps and desert whirlwinds, but nothing that was unusual or that particularly attracted my attention until the last day.

I had been asleep in the bottom of the freight wagon, but the heat grew so intense that I was awakened, and sitting up I noticed the yucca tree with the letters B. T. cut in the bark, and near by there was an old camp ground strewn with rusty tin cans. The ordinary observer might not have noticed the tree, but as I have followed surveying I recognized the yucca as a "bearing tree" of some survey, and was surprised at seeing it, as I supposed the country never had been surveyed.

On arriving at Congress Junction, a station on the Santa Fe, Prescott and Phoenix railroad, I found the agent to be a friend, and as at that time there was no place of accommodation there but the railroad section house, he invited me to share his quarters until the train for Prescott arrived, next morning.

While enjoying cigars after supper I was giving my friend a history of my trip, and incidentally mentioned having seen the bearing tree, when with an interest greater than he had before shown, he said:

"Did you notice signs of an old camp ground anywhere about there?"

"Yes, not more than 100 yards from the bearing tree. Why?"

"Well, there were three men here who were looking for a yucca bearing tree near an old camp ground. They spent three weeks in the search, leaving here with enough water on their wagon for one night's dry camp and returning every second night for water. After three weeks' search without finding the tree, they gave it

up and went away, only about a month ago."

"Why were they so anxious to find that tree?" I said.

"Well, it's like this," my friend replied. "One of the three men had been a cook with the surveying party which marked that tree; the other two were employes of the Wells-Fargo Express Company in San Francisco, whom he had interested in his tale, and who were bearing the expenses of the search. It seems that the cook, according to his story, had been with the surveyors all through their trip. The party was accustomed to leave camp early every morning and not return until night, and as the cook had but little to do during the middle of the day, he used to prospect around among the hills, within walking distance of camp, and it was while they were camped near this bearing tree that he found the wonderful rich gold mine, and he wanted to find that camp ground, claiming that, if he could only have that place as a starting point, he could find the mine."

"How rich did he say the mine was?" I asked.

"He knew nothing about mining, but he said that, with only a case knife, he pried out over \$40 worth of gold from the rock."

"Gee whiz!" I exclaimed; "if he found such a bonanza as that, why did he not locate it, or stay with it?"

"Well, there were several reasons. To begin with the cook was a green Englishman, who had only been in the country a short time, and he was afraid to tell anything about what he had found, or to show his gold, fearing that the rest of the party would rob him of both gold and claim; so he kept the whole matter secret, intending to come back afterward; but it was several years before he got around to it. The way he happened to come back now was this: He had drifted to San Francisco, and was there dead broke, when he happened to mention what he had found in Arizona to an acquaintance, an express driver, who told the two men that came down here with him. He told them that, with the bearing tree as a starter, he could go right to the ledge, and he had no doubt about being able to find the bearing tree; but as I told you, they spent three weeks looking for it.

"Now if you can only get track of these men," my friend continued, "they would probably let you in on it, if you showed them

the lost camp. Do you think you could find it again?"

"Most assuredly I can."

"Well, I'll try and reach them, and let you know."

The next morning I left for Prescott.

When in Congress Junction again I found that my friend had gone to Oregon or Washington, and I never heard from him again. On two occasions I went out to the lost camp and searched the nearest hills for gold, though with no success; and I would greatly like to know if the cook really did find gold as he described, or if he made the whole tale out of his imagination.

CAPT. R. P. LEARY DEAD.

First American Governor of Guam and an Unique Character Passes Away.

Captain Richard P. Leary, United States navy, died December 27 at marine hospital, Chelsea, Mass.

Capt. Leary was the first governor of Guam after that island came into the possession of the United States. He was relieved of the command of the receiving ship Richmond last October on account of heart trouble and granted six months' leave of absence.

Capt. Leary was held in high regard by his fellow-sailors because of the nerve he showed in the presence of two German warships in the harbor of Apia, Samoa, during the stirring times which wound up in the tremendous hurricane that wiped out the American and German navies in those waters in 1889. Leary was in command of the little Adams, a third rate vessel of antique type, and finding the Germans about to interfere forcibly in support of their own candidate for the Samoan chieftainship he cleared ship for action, after first placing himself in position to command either approach, and forbade any interference. He was not molested and remained at his post until the American squadron under Admiral Kimberly arrived, when he was sent north in the Adams, thus escaping the great hurricane. He was a unique figure as the first naval governor of the island of Guam, which he ruled as he would his ship, breaking up immorality by obliging the natives to marry; calling upon the men for a certain amount of work every week, and even prescribing the minimum number of poultry which should be maintained in each family. He was appointed from Maryland and entered the naval service in 1860. He commanded the San Francisco during the West Indian campaign of the Spanish war.

THE AUTOMOBILE TRIP.

Distance to the Canyon to be Covered in Less Than Four Hours. A Promising Outlook.

The much-talked-of automobile arrived yesterday morning and was run over our streets: Its operation was entirely satisfactory to the owner, Mr. Lippincott, who is as proud of the fine machine as the proverbial boy and his red topped boots.

From bell to whistle it is a perfect locomotive. Its engines are 10-horse power high speed marine engines, copied after the United States torpedo boat type, fitted with water coil and flash boilers.

There is a storage capacity for thirty gallons of oil and fifty-seven gallons of water. The water reservoir is filled by a patent siphon operated by the engine's own steam. Its speed test, which was made between Toledo and Detroit, is forty-two miles an hour under 175 pounds of steam. The tires of the machine are four inches in width, with solid rubber an inch and a half in thickness.

The weight of this powerful machine, ready for the start, is about 2,200 pounds, and mud, snow or ice cannot seriously impede its progress.

Back of the dashboard is the air gauge and marine clock. On the right driving wheel is a cyclometer, recording distances traveled, so arranged by an electrical contrivance as to register each mile and the time in which it is made. It registers time of all stops made for renewing fuel or water.

The start to the Canyon was made to-day and Mr. Lippincott expects to reach the Grand View hotel in three and one-half hours after leaving Flagstaff.

The automobile and trailer will carry four passengers, besides about 2,000 pounds of supplies. Mr. Lippincott, W. C. Hogaboom, Thomas M. Chapman and Al. Doyle, the latter as a guide, will compose the party who will make the first trip to the Canyon on an automobile.

The return trip will be made leisurely and Mr. Lippincott will remain here several days and will make a trip to the cliffs, to the lava beds, and will ascend observatory hill, the latter a difficult feat.

The Copper Queen mine at Bisbee is said to smelt 1,000 tons of ore per day on an average.